Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of Dun Iohn a thousand ducates.

Con. Is it possible that any villanie should be so deare?

Bor. Thou shouldst rather aske if it were possible any villanie shuld be so rich: for when rich villains haue need of poor ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a dublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man,

Con. Yes it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but seest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

Watch I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vij. yeere, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Didst thou not heare some body?

Con. No, twas the vane on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not (I say, what a deformed thiefe this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hot-blouds, between foureteene and fiue and thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoes souldiours in the rechie painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old church window, sometime like the shauen Hercules in the smircht worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-peece seemes as massie as his club.

Con. Al this I see, and I see that the fashion weares out more apparell then the man, but art not thou thy selfe giddy with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I haue to night wooed Margaret the Lady Heroes gentle-woman, by the name of Hero, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tel thee how the prince Claudio and my master planted, and placed, and possessed, by my master Don Iohn, saw a farre off

off in the orchard this amiab

Conr. And thought they

Bar. Two of them did, t
uel my master knew she wa
which first possest them, p
deceiue them, but chiefely, b
any slander that Don Iohn h
ragde, swore he would mee
ning at the Temple, and the
shame her, with what he sa
gaine without a husband.

Watch 1 We charge you

Watch 2 Call vppe the ri
here recouerd the most dang
was knowne in the common

Watch 1 And one Defo
weares a locke.

Conr Masters, masters.

Watch 2 Youle be made
you.

Conr Masters, neuer spea
to go with vs.

Bor. We are like to prou
ken vp of these mens billes.

Conr. A commodity in qu
obey you.

Enter Hero, and

Hero Good Vrsula wak
to rise.

Vrsula I wil lady.

Hero And bid her come

Vrsula Well.

Marg. Troth I thinke y

Hero No pray thee goo

Marg. By my troth's not
will say so.

Hero My cosin's a foole,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado About Nothing* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY